

William Lloyd Garrison Esq

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Friend of the Slave, we welcome You  
among the noble gallant band:

The fearless patriots of Your land;  
To the down trodden, always true:

Revered has watched Your onward way  
Has seen You foremost in the fight  
When You have battled in the right,

And never known Your hand to stay

And it has seen the coward knave

With murderous hand, intent to spill  
Your own life's blood, with heartless will

The human blood bounds of the Slave:

And when Your pen has wrought in power  
And Type had stamped it line by line

(a combination so divine)

We saw the madness of the hour

The type may melt, the sheet may burn

But there were deeds of deepest dye

That to the land for vengeance cry

In vengeance some day to return

1000  
1000  
1000

The blood stained soil, is yet well deep -  
The Murdered may be still below -  
But, all the South is steeped in woe  
The cry of wrong will never sleep  
To You we auf cry well done !  
The warriors wreath to You accord  
Age bids You now put up Your sword  
Columbia's valiant, honest Son !  
An English welcome now receive  
We give the hand to all the great  
You may not have it from the State  
But Patriot hearts, in You believe -  
The end of all Your toil, be peace !  
The God of pity, You sustain !  
A noble life is now at stake -  
Yours be at last, heavens sweet release



Joseph Soul

